

## Aftermatch

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Summary: Takes place after the battle with the Red Death. Hiccup has been injured and needs treatment. How will he and the others react and deal with this. (story will be better than this summary)

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"It's the only way, Stoick." Gobber said, instructing some of the others to strap Hiccup on the table. "Take it from someone who's been there and, unfortunately, done that."

He instructed some other Vikings to make a fire and heat up a sword or an axe, so he could burn the wound.

Stoick looked at what was left of his son's left foot. The whole thing was shattered, almost nothing more than bone with flesh on it. Even Stoick, a fierce Viking who'd seen a lot of gruesome in his time, was getting nauseous and sick. Hiccup was stirring and moaning in his unconscious state. It's been an hour after the battle with the Red Death and they needed to decide what to do with him.

"Amputating, Gobber?" Stoick asked. "Isn't there another way?"

"Look, if we don't do something then, besides terrible pain during healing, it will heal badly and he'll never be able to use that foot again." Gobber said, sharpening his prosthetic axe. "If we amputate, I can and will make him a prosthetic leg. I'm kinda the expert on such things."

Astrid was on the ship, together with the others. Their "yes, their, even if she couldn't believe it herself" dragons were flying above the ship, curious what was happening to the liberator of all Dragons.

"How is he?" Astrid, who finally had built up enough courage to go

see him.

"The bleeding has stopped, but â€¦" stoick began.

"We're going to have to amputate." Gobber said.

Astrid gasped. "But how is he going to ride Toothless without his leg?" she asked, looking at Toothless, who sat next his friend, also healing from the fight. "A wooden stick won't help."

"Mabye not, but it would look kinda funny if you'd imagine it." Tuffnut said, receiving a hard hit on the shoulder from his sister.

"It's not that he can fly with his old saddle anyway." Stoick said. "It got destroyed in the fight and after that crash â€¦"

"Not much left of it." Gobber said, looking at the remains at said saddle. "You know, I'm actually proud of Hiccup's handiwork there. Takes a lot of skill."

"It's quite impressive." Stoick said. "He learned from the best."

"You know, Astrid?" Gobber asked. "I think I can make Hiccup another saddle."

"And the leg?" Astrid asked.

"I thinks I can cook something up." He grinned. "Maybe with a little 'Hiccup Flair' thrown into it."

"Hiccup's strapped in, Chief." One of the other Vikings yelled.

"What? Now?" Astrid asked, getting pale.

"I must amputate as fast as possible." Gobber said. "Will you help?"

"S-sure." Astrid asked, not looking forward what would happen. "W-what can I do?"

"Needless to say, Hiccup's going to feel this." Gobber said. "I don't know if he's going to wake up, but if he does â€¦calm him down. And otherwise, keep him steady. We have to be quick to bind the wound to stop it from bleeding. And that won't be easy if he's going to flounder around like a fish on dry land."

"O-okay." Astrid said, placing her hands on hiccup's shoulders, while Stock place his on his legs.

"Ready." Stock said.

"Really, I'm not." Gobber said, quasi joking. "okay, on three. One."

Astrid closed her eyes. She didn't want to see this.

"Two."

Toothless sat up, growling at Gobber's raised ax.

"Thr æ" can someone please tell that dragon of Hiccup that this is necessary and that he has to stop growling at me." Gobber said, interrupting his countdown. "I keep feeling that he will attack me."

Astrid released Hiccup's shoulders and walked over to Toothless. "What happens next is going to look very bad." She said to the growling dragon. "I don't like it either, but it's best for Hiccup. But no matter how hard he screams or how painful it looks, you must be strong. I must be too."

Toothless stared at the mate of his rider and best friend and gave a growl.

"I'll take that as an 'okay'." Astrid said. She turned back to Hiccup. She placed her hands on Hiccup's shoulders, took a deep breath and finally gave a nod to Gobber.

"I'm ready." She said. She rested herself on Hiccup's stomach, to make sure he would lay still. She closed her eyes and wished it would end soon, for her and for Hiccup.

"One. Two. Three." Gobber counted..

She heard the axe swooshing through the air and then the nauseous sound of steel cutting through flesh and bone. Hiccup started to rattle and move, screaming. Behind them, Snotlout fainted.

"It's okay, Hiccup." Astrid whispered in his ear, tears running down her cheek. "It will be over soon."

Gobber took an Axe out the fire. The blades were red of the heat.

"Oh, no." Fishlegs muttered, who fainted after that.

"I'm surrounded by wussies." Ruffnut

"Keep him still." He said, grabbing Hiccup's leg with his hand. He placed the red-hot axe against the wound. Hiccup screamed as the hot steel closed the flesh of his wound. Astrid was surprised how hard she had to push herself to hold him still.

"It's done." Gobber said, placing a cloth drenched in cold water against the wound. Even the seasoned warrior had turned pale. Gobber had done this a lot of times during the war, but he'd never thought he had to amputate someone so young, so close to him.

"B-bring him below deck." Stoick said, not feeling well. "Let him rest."

The men did what they were told.

Stoick gestured the blonde-haired teen to come closer. "I want you to stay with him until we reach Berk." He said to her. "If there's any sign of him waking up or being in pain, you come straight to me,

understood?"

"Yes, Chief." Astrid said, spinning around and ran below deck.

Stoick sighed and looked up to the skies.

"Odin, Allfather, please let my boy be alright." He prayed.

End  
file.